

1490 de 35.

P E T E R.

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T A L E.

Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret. HOR.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXLIV.

(Price ^{2s} One Shilling.)

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P E T E R.

T A L E.

YE Nine of *Hippocrenes* Streams,
 Who send your Poets Rhime in Dreams,
 Dance undisturb'd to your own Lyre,
 I ask no Aid, I want no Fire,
 To raise my Verse to lofty Strain;
 I sing no Battles on the *Mayne*,
 Where *GEORGE* through fierce Battalions broke,
 With Glory cover'd,---and with Smoke!
 Nor shall I now attempt to tell,
 How *Gallic* Squadrons routed fell,
 O'erwhelm'd with all the mighty Force
 Of *Trenck's* and *Mentzell's* furious Horse:

But in dull Doggrel Verse relate
 The wise Assembly's grave Debate ;
 And suit, if possible, my Metre
 To the low Subject, Hero PETER.

When *Gripos Frampton*, worthy Sage,
 Began to feel the Weight of Age,
 And could no longer now support
 The Business of the noisy Court,
 Where he had sat with *great Applause*,
 And, right or wrong,-- dispens'd the Laws ;
 Resolved, *at last*, he would not stain
 His uncorrupted Hands with Gain,
 Arising from that very Place,
 He could *no longer* fill with Grace ;
 Determin'd, therefore, to lay down
 The tufted Honours of the Gown,
 And hinted, PETER might succeed,---
 If some *few Things* were first agreed :---
 That fifty Pieces,--- *right apply'd*,---
 Might raise an Int'rest on his Side,---
 PETER at once pull'd out the Gold,
 But *Gripos* smiling, cry'd out, Hold !
 Pray call my Clerk,--- it must be his---
 I will not touch one single Piece :---

Here

Britiffe
Lanrare

Here, *Shylock*, take the Cash --- d' y' see,
 Go lock it up :---But keep the Key.
Shylock, who well *his Meaning* knew,
 Bow'd low, obey'd, and then withdrew.

But now Competitors arose,
 The Court and Commons interpose,
 And with some Warmth disputed, whether
 They should bestow this Cap and Feather
 On Head with Brains, or Head with none,
 As now for many Years 'thad gone.
 But PETER, every Soul agreed,
 Was no Way worthy to succeed.
 PETER, a Stew---d! *Mumpus* cry'd,
 A righteous Judge indeed! Beside,
 Have you forgot, how oft' 'twas said,
 That he was wild on Mountains bred,
 Where rambling o'er his Native Wood
 For Acorns, his Primeval Food,
 He still from ev'ry Brute he met,
 Some Trick, Deceit, or Vice, would get:
 He traced the Mole's unlighted Ways
 Through all her subterraneous Maze,
 And learn'd how easy her Design,
 Tho' blind and weak, to undermine.

His

And Gay

His Head with Fox-like Wiles was fraught,
 His Heart the false *Hyæna* taught;---
 Rapacious like the Beasts of Prey;
 Yet oft' he'd play the Afs and bray.
 From the first Bear he ever saw,
 He scratch'd his Ears, and * suck'd his Paw,
 The Monkey, who had seen him crawl
 Upon four Feet at first of all,
 Taught him to walk on those behind,
 With Face erect, and ape Mankind.
 He long had liv'd on others Food,
 The common Sharper of the Wood;
 The Squirrel's Nuts, the Hedgehog's Store,
 The Chesnuts from the cheated Boar,
 The hoarded Apples of the Grey,
 By Force or Fraud had been his Prey:
 Through ev'ry Den and Nest he crept,
 And rob'd the Dormouse whilst she slept.
 Indued with Virtues such as these,
 He liv'd extremely at his Ease;
 Till wild Ambition fired his Mind,
 Fond to be thought of Human Kind,
 And drew him from his Woods and Den,
 To practise all his Tricks on Men.

* *Peter* constantly pick'd the Dirt from his Ears, and suck'd it off his Fingers.

And thus the Mountains did produce
 Something, that's neither Man nor Mouse,
 In Soul and Body a poor Creature,
 The falsest, meanest Thing in Nature;
 To no one single Virtue prone,
 But ev'ry Vice he made his own;
 Was neither *Christian*, *Turk*, nor *Jew*,
 But steadily would still pursue
 His Int'rest --- all the God he knew!

Now view him in another Sphere,
 And wonder how he could get there;
 Amongst the Students of the Law
 A wild, rude Cub, unlickt and raw:
 Where he, his Studies to pursue,
 Read all the Title Pages through
 Of Moderns, *Salkeld*, *Coke*, and *Ventris*,
 Of Year Books, old Reports, and Entries;
 From whom he learnedly would quote
 Cases, which they had never wrote;
 And then as modestly would swear,
 'Twas true by G-d! each Case was there.

And next to be accomplish'd quite,
 Not only learned, but polite,

With

With Head adorn'd from *Middle Row*,
 And Back from *Monmouth Street*, the Beau,
 Would visit Nymphs in *Drury Lane*,
 And, justly, there of Flames complain,
 'Till the hoarse Watchman cry'd, Past One,
 And the *Beau Monde* to King's was gone;
 Whither he too must now repair,
 To join the *Bell Assemblé* there;
 And to each Midnight Nymph begin,
 The good old Health, in Mother Gin:
 Then 'twixt a Watchman and a Whore,
 He reel'd politely home at Four.
 And thus to form himself began,
 At once a Lawyer and a Man.
 And great's the Change! But is it so? --
 Read on a while, and you shall know.

In awful Majesty the Mayor,
 With all his Brethren round the Chair,
 Wrapt up in Fur, with Sword before 'em,
 In solemn State, and grave Decorum,
 Rose from his Seat --- look'd round the Crowd,
 And thrice he hem'd, and once he bow'd;
 And having gently rub'd his Brow
 With Cambrick Kerchief white as Snow,
 He

He paused a while --- and thus began :
 The Court by me declares the Man,
 Whom they have named to serve the Town :
 An Honour to the vacant Gown
 Is *Cato's* Son;---And *Cato's* Name
 Must raise in ev'ry Heart a Flame
 Of conscious Gratitude :--- From you,
 From us, from all the Town 'tis due.
 Your Fathers felt his early Care,
 And you, their Sons, the Blessing share.
 Rise then, and call *Politus* forth,
 The Heir of all his Father's Worth;
 Rise then, and join with us your Voice,
 And let *Politus* be your Choice.

But now observe, how cross this Case is !
 The Commons heard with fullen Faces,
 And vow'd that they would never flinch
 From first Resolves, and Lawyer *Clinch* ;
 A Man experienced in Debate,
 Of great Solidity and Weight ;
 For Head and Genius much renown'd,
 And Depth of Judgment so profound,
 That some have thought its Bottom cou'd
 Be never found by Flesh and Blood !

C

And

And none more fit in all the Nation,
 By Nature for a Corporation :
 And therefore Alderman, nor Mayor,
 Should e'er lead them, like Pigs, by th' Ear.

What's your *Politus's* to us,
 Says *Crocus*, who grew clamorous?
 When we want Law, we may go seek
 For him i'th' Devil's Arse i'th' Peak :
 Pray let us have the Man we choose,
 Who buys at Home his Hose and Shoes ;
 Not one, who'll always disappear,
 Like Birds of Passage, half the Year,
 And spend his Money God knows where.
Clinch is the Man we'll stand by still,
 Let all the Court say what they will ;
 He lives amongst us in good Cheer,
 Grows fat and fleek on *Norw--b* Beer ;
 Was always Protestant True Blue,
 And knows more Law than—*True Sir True*.

But least much Heat should rise between
 The Commons and the Aldermen,
 The Mayor to end the Strife arose,
 And did in Words like these propose :

That

That since they'd neither yield the Prize,
 They should accept a Compromise,
 And having laid aside their Claim
 To both the Candidates, should name
 A Third, with one united Voice,
 Who without Vote should be their Choice:
 To this the major Part submit :
 Old *Frampton* laugh'd to see 'em bit;
 Who now by Emiffaries had
 Prepar'd the Way for his wild Lad!
 And PETER was at last call'd forth,
 A Stew--d now! A Man of Worth!
 PETER was now the only Sound!
 And *Frampton* saved the Fifty Pound.

Thus PETER gains an empty Name,
 A Bubble on the Stream of Fame!
 That floats along the gentle Tide,
 Puft up with Air, and swell'd with Pride,
 The short-liv'd Honour of an Hour,
 That swims and bursts, and 's seen no more:
 For Honour like an Herald's Coat,
 Around this *Magistrate of Note*,
 Hangs loose and wide from ev'ry Part,
 And ne'er can warm his *Silvan Heart*.

To drive out Nature is in vain,
 She always will return again :
 And call'd by whatsoever Name,
 PETER, or *Stew--d*, he's the same.
 Only, indeed, since he began,
 At first to think himself a *Man*,
 He added to his Stock of Vice
 The most perfidious Artifice ;
 For Perfidy was never known
 To Beasts, but only Man alone.
 Therefore to prove his Human Shape,
 Was now no Mask, and *He* no Ape.
 He quickly did resolve to try
 The new found Use of Perfidy ;
 And having lately lost his Mate,
 The Partner of his Human State,
 Shrewdly reflecting, thus he said,
 Must I not live, because she's dead ?
 Must I for ever lie alone,
 Because poor *Mopsa's* dead and gone ?
 O sooner let the rising Sun
 Forget his genial Course to run ;
 Or the prolific Spring desist
 To pair each Bird, and join each Beast !

What !

Glover

What! shall the Sparrow cock his Tail
 At ev'ry Hen in ev'ry Vale?
 And must I be confin'd to One?
 Though she, poor Creature, 's dead and gone?
 The Bull may through the Pastures rove,
 And bellow universal Love;
 Then why should PETER be deny'd
 The Pleasures of a second Bride?
 Why may not *Tricksey*, young and fair,
 With ME all human Pleasures Share?
 O!---*Tricksey* is contracted to
 My old Friend *Atlas*.---Be it so,
 Says PETER, all that Stuff I know.
 But if I traverse his Design,
 Why then she's not my Friend's, but mine.
 And what is Friendship? empty Sound!
 No where in Nature to be found;
 A foolish Thing, contrived to be
 A Foe betwixt *myself* and *me*.

He next consults his wily Brain,
 How, least suspected, he may feign
 To act the open, honest Part,
 Yet hide the Secret of his Heart.

At dead of Night, when Nature lay
 Reposed from all the Noise of Day,
 The Patriot, the Miser snored,
 His Country That, and This his Hoard,
 Had quite forgot in balmy Rest;
 No anxious Thoughts disturb the Breast,
 E'en Lust lay calm, and Envy slept;
 But watchful Treach'ry *Vigil* kept;
 And PETER study'd all the Night,
 How best to play the Hypocrite;
 Well canvas'd each deceitful Wile,
Atlas the easier to beguile:

At length determin'd to appear
 A Mourner solemn and sincere,
 And hide the Purpose of his Life,
 With Tears for a departed Wife;
 And thus the treach'rous, meagre Elf,
 Began to practise by himself;
 With rueful Face, and down-cast Look,
 With squeez'd-out Tears, that Grief bespoke,
 He cry'd, I can't support my Life!
 Alas! my dear, departed Wife!
 Those Lips, which I so oft' have prest!
 Those Arms that held me to her Breast!

Nor

Nor Lips, nor Arms, do now remain,
 To sooth my Heart, or ease my Pain!
 How oft', as on my Lap she play'd,
 With Sighs prophetick has she said,
 O must I die,---a Wife and Maid?
 Hold!--I am out upon my Life,---
 'Twas, Happy I to die your Wife!
 Aye, that will do: And I'm prepared,
 To shew more Grief than e'er was heard,
 And then he snivel'd out the same
 In ev'ry Club, where'er he came.

When CANTILENO, to relieve,
 Or else divert his well-feign'd Grief,
 Would tune his Throat with Martial Strain,
 Of GEORGE, and *Dettingen*, and *Mayne*;
 Instead of Chorus PETER'd cry,
 O that my poor, dear Wife should die!
 Pray, CANTILENO, do not bawl,
 I'd rather hear an Harpy Squall:
 Thy Musick only splits my Head;
 Alas, my dearest Wife is dead!
 No joyous Sounds shall reach my Ear,
 No Melody my Soul can bear!
 Alas! all Happiness is fled,
 My dear, my only Wife is dead!

And

And this the Burden of his Song,
 For ever dwelt upon his Tongue :
 Like *Prior's* Turtle still he'd moan
 His poor, dear *Mopsa* dead and gone :
 Until the false, perfidious Thief
 Had now no further Use for Grief ;
 And with successful Treachery,
 His Cheeks from useless Tears grew dry ;
 As you'll see plainer by and by.

O Love, thou Bane of Human Joy,
 Thou, foolish, false, mischievous Boy,
 Thou Plague to ev'ry faithful Mind,
 True to the Fop, to Merit blind !
 The Rogue, the Hypocrite may be,
 But ne'er the honest, blest by thee !
 What are thy Pleasures ? nought but Pain :
 Or thy Rewards ? but cold Disdain.
 Thou art the greatest Curse on Men,
 As by the Sequel may be seen.
 The Widow *Tricksey*, who had long
 Rul'd Tyrant o'er the Gay and Young,
 Had something in her Face and Air
 Genteel enough ---- not very Fair ;
 Sometimes coquetish, sometimes shy ;
 In Dress a perfect Butterfly.

She

She walks with ev'ry Step as true,
 As a Foot Soldier at Review,
 Then sails along as if She flew.
 She rolls around her wanton Eye
 On ev'ry Fop that passes by;
 And now a Scar, and now a Dart,
 She leaves in ev'ry headless Heart;
 And this, before, without Design:--
 Her Eyes, in Truth, were very fine.
 Sometimes their glowing Lustre burns
 The gazing Youth; and then by Turns,
 Like Winter Suns, in Clouds they're lost:
 Her Lovers droop beneath the Frost;
 No warming Gleams of Hope remain,
 They perish in her cold Disdain.
 Again they shine with all their Charms,
 More Lovers round her rise in Swarms;
 Like new-born Insects, crawl or fly,
 Brought forth by her enliv'ning Eye.

The Country 'Squire, who fondly grave,
 Creeps at her Feet, an humble Slave,
 From thence determines to aspire
 To *Charms unseen, to Beauties higher.*

Whilst Fops impertinently gay,
About her Lips and Bosom play,
And flutt'ring 'round her, vow they die,
Scorch'd by the Light'ning of her Eye.

The Sons of *Mars*, a gallant Train,
Here try their Vigour *all in vain*:---
All their Attacks can never reach
Her Heart:---They *die within the Breach*:
Fierce to th' Assault each Hero flies,
But all their *Blustering ends in Sighs*.

Herby
The Dapper Priest in fervent Pray'r
Calls on his God,---but ogles her:
And only still her Smile provokes,
With all his *Jeroboam Strokes*.

And thus with an alternate Will,
She'll now give Life, and now she'll kill.
But soon the Tyrant's Reign was done,
Her Heart at last was fix'd on One;
For him alone her Bosom heaves,
And all her Slaves for him she leaves.
His brawny Back, his well turn'd Thigh,
His spreading Shoulders catch'd her Eye;

His

His Joints with nervous Sinews strung,
 And his too soft persuasive Tongue!
 What Widow living could resist,
 When once she felt,---how close he kist?

She sighs, and seeks the lonely Groves,
 And muses much, for much she loves:
 A thousand half-form'd Thoughts she tries
 To let him know,---for him she dies;
 And having rack'd her fruitless Brain,
 For well concerted Schemes in vain,
 Her Passion all her Pride o'ercame,
 And she resolved to own her Flame.
 To her dear *Atlas* straight she flew,
 Around his Neck her Arms she threw;
 Upon his Bosom lean'd her Head,
 And thus poor, trembling *Tricksey* said:

My dearest *Atlas*, if I be
 At once from Pride and Coyness free;
 Without Reserve, if once I shew
 The secret Love I feel for you;
 By my own Heart I am betray'd,
 A miserable Woman made;
 With Flames long hidden I'm consumed;
 O bear me in thy Arms intomb'd,

And take my fainting Soul to rest
In the loved Bosom of thy Breast.

The Youth with soft Compassion moved,
At first he pity'd, then he lov'd :
He gazed a while upon her Charms,
He held her panting in his Arms ;
His Heart with sudden Raptures beat,
He felt a Sympathetic Heat ;
His Hands did round her Bosom rove,--
He fell, alas ! *all o'er in Love* :
Nor at the sudden Change admire,
All *Touch-wood* He, and She all *Fire*.
Cupid ne'er join'd a fitter Pair,
He *Stout* and *Strong*, she *Young* and *Fair*.

So round an Oak's extended Boughs
The twining Honey Suckle grows,
And breathes upon it all its Sweets,
A Pay for the Support it meets.

Their Passion both in Publick own,
Their Love's the Theme of all the Town ;
But short the Date of Human Joy !
He preach'd Discretion,---She grew coy :
He

He thought her Ways should be confin'd,---
 She'd have them free, as blew the Wind;
 And proudly shew'd she scorn'd Restraint,
 Nor would she e'en be thought a Saint.

Is this her Fondness, *Atlas* cry'd?
 My Friend's Assistance must be try'd;
 And PETER's wily Brain may prove
 Of Service to reclaim her Love.
 Away to PETER straight he flies;
 PETER is crafty, but not wise:
 Wisdom from great Experience flows,
 By just Reflexion nurs'd, it grows;
 But how to play the cunning Part,
 Is learn'd from Subtilty and Art.
 Well,---PETER sigh'd, and stroak'd his Chin
 (He'd got the Woodcock in his Gin)
 And having heard him out, he cry'd
 If my poor *Mopsa* had not dy'd,
 Her Influence o'er this fickle Fair
 Had put an End to all thy Care:
 But what Assistance can'st thou have
 From me, a poor, dejected Slave?
 O'erwhelm'd with Grief for Her that's gone,
 And all her Sex resolved to shun?

But

But for thy Sake I would advise,
 That Thou shouldst wear a smooth Disguise;
 Lay no Restraint upon her Ways,
 But let her act whate'er she please;
 Give up her Contract, set her free;
 And when thy open Heart she'll see,
 Her Fears of Slavery will seem
 The airy Phantom of a Dream;
 And conquer'd thus, once more she'll burn,
 And grateful to thy Arms return.

Atlas, a Stranger to Deceit,
 Did never once suspect the Cheat,
 But pleas'd with PETER's grave Advice,
 Which seem'd so void of Artifice,
 Resolv'd to act a gen'rous Part
 (The Dictate of an honest Heart)
 And gave her up her *Billet Doux*,
 To shew he'd no compulsive Views;
 In Hopes her Gratitude would prove
 Sufficient to recall her Love;
 And thought the Way to win the Fair,
 Was being honest and sincere!

Alas! fond Fool! That's all a Dream,
 A fine imaginary Scheme!

Honour

Honour and Faith may serve for Chat,
 When Ladies talk,—they don't care what;
 And Honesty, perhaps, may pass
 On a poor, harmless, Country Lass:
 But such old Virtues! so severe!
Tricksey was too polite to bear;
 And scorn'd to have her *Modern Taste*
 With such *mean Constancy* debas'd.
 And PETER oft' had let her see
 How much he wish'd that she was free:
 She may, he says, whene'er she please,
 Or ride in State, or loll at Ease;
 His Servants, and his Coach and Four,
 Are always ready at the Door;
 His Footman in a smart *Tupée*,
 Shall 'tend her Ladyship at Tea;
 While lambent Flames in Silver burn,
 From Silver Spouts the Liquors run;
 And *China's* Ware in gilded Pride,
 Stands rang'd in Order by her Side;
 Whilst round about the Gay and Young
 Dwell on the Music of her Tongue.

And now he tells her, all she'll find
 In *Atlas* is a Tyrant's Mind;

A Morn—

A Morning Groul, and louring Looks,
 With dirty Study cram'd with Books:
 And then his Equipage is worse,
 A Pillion! And a Pybald Horfe!
 No Servant to attend her Call,
 But *Tolver's* Boy, or poor Old *Moll*.

Here *Tricksey* paus'd on what he said:
 A thousand Things perplex'd her Head.---
 See *Atlas* walk! with what a Spring!
 And *PETER's* such a tiny Thing!--
 But *PETER's* honour'd with the Gown,
 And rules, a Magistrate in Town.---
Atlas, I think, is something too---
 An Under-Sheriff,---that won't do!
 'Tis very hard, I find, to choofe,
 Which of these two shall be my Spouse,
 Which ever 'tis, I forfeit quite,
Pleasures by Day,--- or *Joy's* by Night.
 And is there then no Method known
 To *keep* them both?---There is but one.
 With *PETER* let me first engage,
 Let me secure the Equipage;
 And when the *Gordian* Knot is ty'd,
Atlas may---compliment the Bride.

And

And pray now where's the Harm of this?
 He'll get---what PETER ne'er can miss.
 Besides, to set the Matter even,
 PETER may this Way get to Heaven.
 And may hereafter thank a Wife,
 For Joys in everlasting Life.

But when will that *Hereafter* come?
 What would I give to know my Doom?---
 Here, *Sally*, bring my Hood and Fan,
 I must consult the cunning Man;
 And learn from Necromantic Art,
 How far the Fates will take my Part.

Near to her House there liv'd, it seems,
 A Sage Interpreter of Dreams,
 In Fate and Urine much concern'd,
 No Doctor living half so learn'd.
 He could by Urinal discover
 A Lady's Fortune with her Lover,
 And to a Day or two decide,
 How long the Patience of a Bride
 Should struggle with the Marriage Noose,
 Before kind Fate would set her loose.
 These *Points*, and *Tricksey's*, were the same,
 She therefore to the Doctor came;

E

And

And having gently touch'd his Wand,
 She ope'd her Case, and cross'd his Hand.
 The Doctor, without much ado,
 Reach'd down a Urinal or two,
 And bid her choose,--- nor mince the Matter,
 For she must first of all make Water.
 The Widow having step'd aside,
 The wide-mouth'd Urinal apply'd,---
 But could not for her Life produce
 More than one Spoonful for his Use:
 Whilst he put on a solemn Look,
 First view'd the Glass, and then his Book;
 And having mutter'd to himself,
 He placed the Urine on a Shelf,
 And thus began:--- Lady, attend;
 You may be happy---in the End.
 The Quantity, indeed, is small,
 Which shews scarce any *Joys* at all:
 Bubbles that on the Surface float,
 A feeble, short-liv'd Man denote---
 Hold, Doctor,---pray now let me know,
 Shall I die first?--- Quoth Wizard, No.
 Why then farewell, the Widow cry'd,
 That's all I want! I'll be his Bride.

Thus

Thus PETER got a Wife once more,
 And lavish'd out his little Store
 Of Sparrow's Vigour in an Hour :
 And in a Week, with constant Toil,
 Look'd like a Lamp that wanted Oil,
 Almost expiring : Harrafs'd out,
 Like Post-horse whipt the World about :
 Or Hunter over Hedge and Ditch,
 Or Broom-Staff rid by *Lapland* Witch.
 I'faith, quoth she, the Doctor's right,
 He'll scarce hold out another Night.
 And then my charming Weeds once more !
 A Widow in her Coach and Four,
 May, surely, her Affections fix
 On one,---who'll raise her Four to Six.

F I N I S.

On one--wholl take her Four to Six.
 May, surely, her Affections fix
 A Widow in her Coach and Four,
 And then my charming Weeds once more!
 Hell scarce hold out another Night.
 I wish, quoth she, the Doctor's right,
 Or Broom Staff rid by Lapland Witch.
 Or Hunter over Hedge and Ditch,
 Like Post-horse whip the World about:
 Almost expiring: Harsh'd out
 Look'd like a Lamp that wanted Oil,
 And in a Week, with constant Toil,
 Of Sparrow's Vigour in an Hour:
 And lavish'd out his little Store
 Thus Peter got a Wife once more,



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